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PUCK.

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JUST OUT:

PUCK ON WHEELS

Price 25 Cents.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

The pig he leads a jolly life;

With sausages his hull is rife;
And crackling on his riblets grows,
And souse festooned about his toes.

But though he's nice and clean, you see,
He can't go into Germanee.
And so, however fat and big,
I would not like to be a pig.

Good wine it is a merry thing;
It makes the dudelet dance and sing;
It makes him chat quite merrilee
Of rich folks in his familee.

But then we know that wine is much
Adulterated by the "Dutch";
Though no trichinae has it got,
There's very little else it's not.

Says Uncle Sam to great Prince B.:
"A case of tit for tat you see—
If you don't make my piglet free,
I'm down on wines from Germanee!"

It is very hard that when a lot of men want to clean out the Augean stables, they can't be permitted to do the job in peace. The stables are very dirty, there is no question about that. And the trifling objection that the cleansing party is a little dirtier than the stables only raises a side issue. Here they are, several hun-

dred thousand industrious Democrats, just crazy for work, hankering after work, and work is refused them. This is hard. It is unjust. It is, moreover, humiliating. Here is the venerable Mr. Dana standing outside of the fence and shouting: "Turn the rascals out!" And not a rascal will turn out. "The Republican party must go," plaintively observes the friend of Hancock and Tilden. And yet the Republican party settles itself down as if it felt pretty fairly at home, and rudely and unfeelingly declines to go.

Yet perhaps it is not well to trust too much to arrogance and that possession which is nine points of the law. It takes only one little legal quibble to upset a strong case; and only a trifle is needed to turn the scale hopelessly against the Republican party a year from next November. For a long time we had to take it on trust that the Government stables were in a really unclean condition; but now there is remarkably little doubt of the fact. The uncleanness is conceded: the point is only—who shall do the cleaning? The Republican party, having carefully fouled its own nest during its twenty odd years of occupancy, is now as confident as ever that the country may trust it to restore the nest to a condition of virgin purity. It is a little doubtful whether the country will agree with the Republican party in this matter. And if, by any chance, the country does give the job to the Democrats, what an upturning of heaped and stale corruption there will be!

The words of the poet who said, "I cannot sing the old songs" do not apply to us. We can sing the old songs, and shall continue to sing them, although a number of people assert that we have no voice, and that, even if we have a voice, our tones are not pleasant. This is very

old news to us. The gentlemen who consider our songs haven't any sweetness in them are very well known, not so much on account of their charity, their statesmanship or their intellectual ability, but because of their vast wealth. Not that all of them are millionaires; but those who are not are the jackals of the millionaire, the providers of the lion.

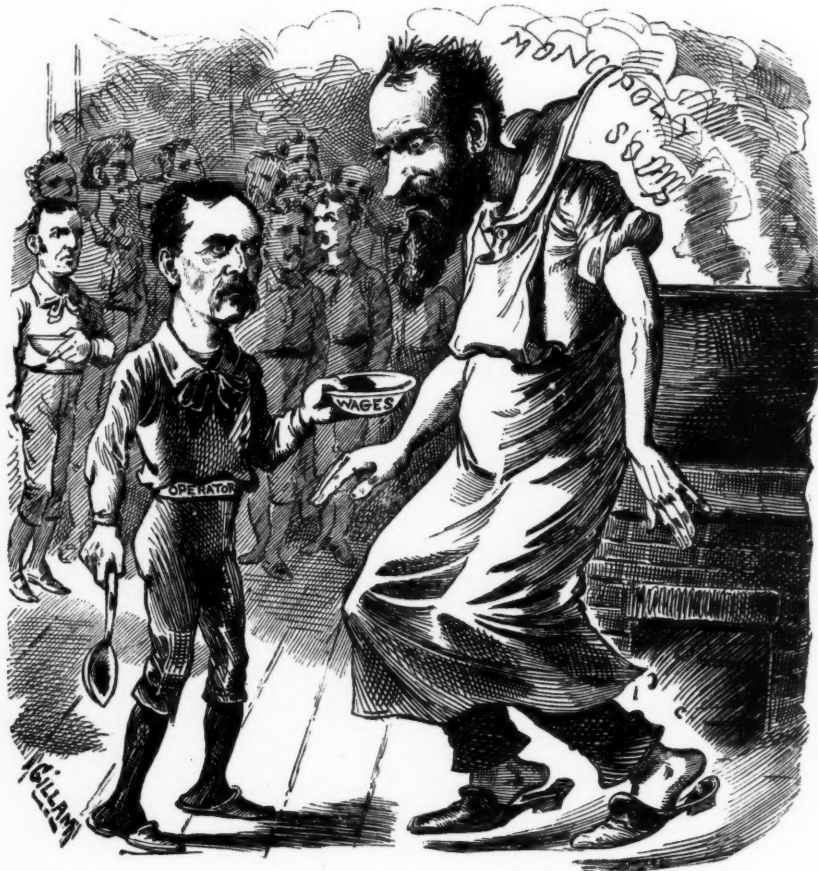
And aren't they fond of the wage-worker—the man who makes the money for them? Oh, so fond! They want to see him become as rich as they are. In fact, the richer they grow, the richer they wish to see him become. They are not at all anxious that he should end his days in the poor-house, or die in a garret or gutter when he is old and feeble, and that his children should become thieves. This is why they pay him such high wages—more than enough for him to support his family on, so that he can put by for a rainy day. This is why there are never such things as strikes or watered stocks or lock-outs. It must be a dull brain that cannot understand that the delightfully pleasant relations at present existing in this country between labor and capital are entirely owing to the capitalists' beneficence.

PUCK ON WHEELS is already in its second edition, although not more than two weeks old. Flattering letters have been sent us from the Shah of Persia, the Czar of Russia, Queen Victoria and John L. Sullivan, and others from equally distinguished people are being received by every post. We would print some of these interesting documents if we could do it without being considered vain and conceited. What are the wild waves saying? They are saying:

"Purchase PUCK ON WHEELS, price twenty-five cents, of all news-dealers on land, water, steam-cars and balloons. You may know the genuine article by the illuminated cover, representing PUCK sailing in a steamboat, catching two fish at once. Stocks may fall, but PUCK ON WHEELS is always twenty-five cents."

THE PAUPER'S BASE INGRATITUDE.

(ACCORDING TO GOULD.)



SCENE: Monopoly Poor-House.

OPERATOR:—"PLEASE, SIR, I WANT SOME MORE!"

AN OLD FRIEND.

This is the season of the year made sacred by old journalistic tradition to the appearance of the Wild Man. There is no more stable American institution than the Wild Man. That year should be marked with a black page in our history that fails to witness the advent of the Wild Man. No such year has yet arrived. The question of the Presidential succession has trembled in the balance; we have had years of alienation, active and unhealthy, from our Southern brothers; strange periods of change and disturbance have come to our young republic; but never yet has the season for the Wild Man come around without the Wild Man. Always prompt, always on hand at the proper time, he would be a valuable addition to any District Telegraph Messenger Corps.

The Wild Man's favorite habitat is the woods of Tennessee; but some of him has been found in West Virginia, and a few have been known to affect Pennsylvania. Our own dear Empire State has made a praiseworthy though futile attempt at the production of a Wild man. Cold and unimaginative New England has failed in her duty in the matter of Wild Men, although the Concord School of Philosophy has raised some hopes in the breasts of those who would fain see the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts show up a specimen that would outshine the best that the fertile South could do.

The Wild Man is usually discovered by berry-pickers. When they see him, they drop their tin cans, their jug of switchel and their self-possession and rush madly from the berried field, leaving behind them a broad swath of hair-pins and sunbonnets.

Then the men of the neighborhood arm themselves with shot-guns of the pattern of 1813 and several jugs of whiskey, and start out in pursuit of the monster. The only fruit of their chase, if it may be spoken of as fruit, is usually a neat collection of reptilia, mostly of the kind that are known to frequent the human boot.

Then comes a lull, during which the public mind remains in a state of gloomy suspense, mixed with feverish anticipation and punctuated with incredulity. Then two men who feel that they have a special and sacred call for the miraculous go out into the woods after chipmunks and casually encounter the Wild Man, who drives them from his sylvan lair with a fence-rail.

After this, the Wild Man is generally wrapped in obscurity, and right-minded people, as a rule, approve of this endeavor to supply the deficiencies of his toilette.

But of late it has been held the proper thing to capture your Wild Man. This is a difficult and dangerous undertaking. Not because of any injuries which the Wild Man might inflict upon his pursuers during the process of capture; but because of the extreme awkwardness of disposing of your Wild Man after you have caught him. Obviously, the proper thing is to sell him to a museum; but it is equally obvious that this is impossible. The sale cannot be consummated without the delivery of the Wild Man. No museum yet recorded in the returns will accept the newspaper account of the capture of a Wild Man for the Wild Man himself. The patrons of a first-class museum would not like the substitution. You cannot poke a newspaper account in the ribs with umbrellas, or test its linguistic powers with scraps of bad French.

The latest Wild Man caught this season spoke German. From this it is inferred that he was originally a misguided musician who lost his interest in the world through an unwise attempt to work out a theory reconciling Wagner and the Bible.

WHY IS IT that they are called "the jolly breakers" and "the sad sea waves"?

AN UNDESERVED ONSLAUGHT.



MAYOR EDSON FINDS OUT THAT IT IS NOT ONLY THE BAD BOY THAT THE WASPS WORRY.

Puckerings.

A DRY SPELL—S-a-h-a-r-a.

SPELLBOUND—The Dictionary.

WHAT SETS a man deranged is to reach the Elevated Railroad station, and hand out penny after penny until they aggregate nine, and then have to get a ten-dollar note changed.

THIS IS the proper time to purchase a white high hat cheap. This is also the time that the epicurean crank declares that oysters are better in the dog-days than at any other time.

WHEN a man has to pay full fare he can't go to Coney Island often enough. But give him a free season-ticket, and he will stay right in his office and never think of the dashing surf.

THE WEATHER is becoming so cool already as to cause a thrill of anxiety to pass over the anatomy of the poet who pawned his ulster a month ago to raise money to go to the races and Manhattan Beach.

THE PRETTY MAID from Newport flies
To Saratoga hot;
Familiar unto Newport eyes
Are all the clothes she's got.
She'll show them up at Richfield Springs,
Bar Harbor and at Quoque,
And when she's shown them everywhere—
Why, then she'll homeward jog,
This maiden coy and witty,
To the city.

WHY IS it that the doctor to the life insurance company always says that you, who are about to be insured, have the finest and choicest pair of lungs that he ever met with?

IT MAKES a man sorely puzzled to know, when he takes his shoe off at night, how in the world a piece of wood the size of a lead-pencil ever worked in through a crevice about a sixteenth of an inch wide.

A MAN LEFT the surf at Cape May not long ago, and rushed up to the cottage in which he boarded. They had fritters on the table.

"Give me another clam-fritter," he said, after he had finished the first.

The plate was passed to him.

He took one, ate it, and said:

"Give me another clam-fritter."

He got another, and said, this time to the landlady:

"Will you please pass the clam-fritters?"

"Them ain't clam-fritters," replied the lady.

"Ain't clam-fritters?" gasped the boarder.

"No."

"Then what are they?"

"Corn-fritters."

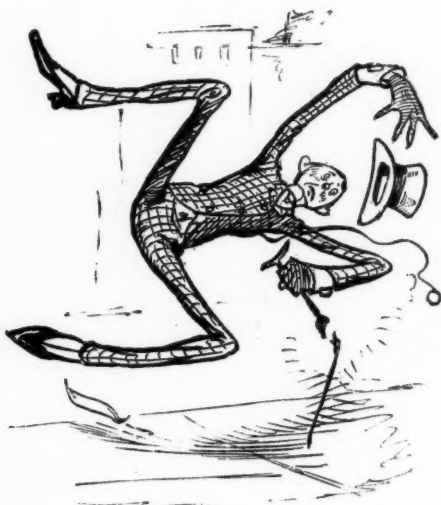
"Well, I'm blowed!" said the guest: "I ate seven of them, and thought they were full of chopped clams."

After luncheon the landlady remarked to her sister that the surf was such an appetizing affair that corn could be palmed off on bathers for chopped clams, and that stewed tripe passed for chicken fricassée, and that she would make enough money this season to take her to Europe in the winter.

PUCK'S BANANA-SKIN MANUAL.



The "Langtry Twist."



The "Dude Kick."



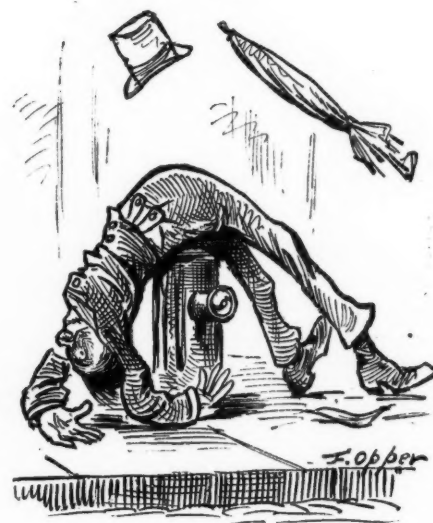
The "Vanderbilt Slide."



The "Paralysis Whirl."



The "Pancake Drop."



The "Croton Slam."

MORE MIDSUMMER.

The tender primrose, the imperious bull-frog, the spicy mint, the golden dandelion are blowing in the glade,

And all mankind is drinking lemonade.

Behold yon slender stretch of primrose sky, And see little Maria Judkins sitting on a fallen tree, out behind the dear old country school-house, singing a hymn, and eating off the palm of her lily hand a great triangular piece of black-berry-pie.

Pray observe the bravery of yon boy, who, in the solitude of the back yard, stands upon a shaky and uncertain barrel, in order that he may get upon his stilts;

And the hornets work their stings into the small boys to the hilts.

Over there, where the sweet damosel is swinging to and fro in the hammock, I see a luminous object that quite eclipses the lush red roses that clamber up the porch—

The object is her ringlets, which are redder than a torch.

Why does that boy who has been purloining apples, and who is running away from the exasperated farmer, fall down and "holler" so?

Because he's stubbed his toe.

It is now getting so warm that a duster melts

like a standing collar; and the clerk goes to Saratoga to remain over Sunday; and the vender sells lemonade on Broadway that burns the roof out of your mouth;

And, in short, it is as hot here as it is down South.

Why does that rooster crow upon the fence?

Because he is not on the ground. If he were up on the top of the house, or in the branches of that sycamore over there, it would not fill him with rapture more intense.

Over in the grove yonder the picnickers are having a glorious time. For a wonder it is not going to rain. The skies are cloudless, and every one is feeling serene and happy. Now, for instance, what makes that girl with the black hair and melting seal-brown eyes feel so joyful? What makes her so indifferent to the tempestuous trials of life? In short, what poetic magic is it that so successfully braces her up?

It is because she is having a scup.

Alas! is there anything that would make the love-lorn maiden more happy than the butterfly in the dells?

Certainly; a pound of caramels.

What would make her happier than the beautiful birds that flit about from tree to tree, and in the foliage sweetly sing?

An engagement ring.

Over there is a bull-dog. Why is he not friskful as the fawn? Why does he lower his tail and look so woe-begone? Why does he seem to think that he was born in vain, and regard the manifold beauties of Nature with a contempt so profound?

Because he's being taken to the pound, pound, pound.

What is that plant beside the fence that waves so indolently and sheds its petals on the sod?

Why, that's the golden rod.

Why does a look of despair take possession of the countenance of the plumber?

Because it's midsummer.

That Ethiop at the station smiles from ear to ear, and snaps his fingers in the face of Fate. Why does sweet content rest so softly in the heart of this black man?

Because he's a hackman.

And now we'll, while the evening shadows creep upon the lea, and the birds in hedge and brake unto their nests serenely hop,

Stop.

R. K. M.

A SCHOOL-BOY may think it unjust for the big pedagogue to thrash him soundly for placing a bent pin on his chair, but that same boy would consider it the proper thing to hammer almost to death a boy half his size who would play a similar trick on him.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCXCIV.

A SPARRING MATCH.



Ya-as, aftar considerwable persuasion on the part of a few of my fwriends who were already in New York, I came to town, I wegwet to say, faw the expwess purpose of witnessing one of those demorwalizing exhibitions known as a pwize-fight. It was not a pwize-fight on the gwass, faw it took place in an enormous building called the Madison Square Garden; but, faw my own part, I saw verwy little difference between it and the wegulah bwutal aw arwangement. It is twue that the pugilists did not fight with their naked fists; but then they can stwike just as terrible blows with the ordinarwy boxing-gloves on.

The contest was between two verwy heavy fellows. One of them is called John L. Sullivan and the othah Herbert A. Slade. Slade is a *pwotégé* of my old fwied Jem Mace, who bwought him all the way fwom the Antipodes—I aw believe, somewhere in the neighborwhood of New Zealand. He is a Maorwi, or wathah half a Maorwi—a name applied to the aboriginal inhabitants of that part of the world. Sullivan is of Irwish parwentage. There was a surging cwowd when we arwived at the place, and my aw fwriends and myself were politely cwushed into good seats among the weportahs.

The fellow Sullivan was the first to appe-ah, and I weally must observe that when he stwipped off his jersey I was surprised at his magnificent pwoportions and the apparwently gloriwous fettle he was in. When Mace's man appe-ahed, the difference in the condition of the two men was verwy stwiking. To me he seemed wathah puffy, and aw soft and sluggish, with too much beef about him altogethah. And then, when 'time' was called, and the men began sparring, it was obvious that the Maorwi hadn't the we-motest chance of coping with Sullivan.

The man Sullivan literwally wained blows upon his adversarwy, and knocked him ovah the wopes in a verwy short time. The whole business was ovah in a few minutes by Slade being horwibly used up and aw completely thwashed, and the pwocceedings terminated with enthusiastic cheerwing faw the victorwy of Sullivan.

I don't think that the choice of Slade to spar with Sullivan does particulah cwedit to Mace's judgement. Befaw the event of the evening there were severah othah encountahs between inferwi-ah membahs of the "fancy." The attendance at this painful exhibition was, as I have elsewhere wemarked, large. A gwreat majorwity of the spectators pwesented the appearwance of woughs, and some looked as if they had wecently come out of pwison, and I began to think that, aftar all, it wasn't a verwy we-spectable assemblage to be in. But, on looking further arwound, I aw observed a verwy fai-ah spwinkling of decent people, such as lawyahs, doctahs, merchants, *et cetera*, which somewhat weconciled me to being there.

An extwaordinarwy thing about these contests is the pwodigious sum made by these fellows. A clewah pwize-fightah can get wich he-ah in a single day, which, of course, must encourage the bwutal and barbarwous exhibitions aw.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

The gilded youths all watch the play,
Its rich and changing sets,
But from the music run away,
To smoke their cigarettes.

Each time the pictured curtain drops
Clarissa idly chats
Of Newport and its dizzy hops,
And eke her neighbors' hats.

'Tis when the band plays dreamy airs
Sir Graybeard does not fail
To talk about the Bulls and Bears,
And of Pacific Mail.

The farmer reads the programme jests,
Or thinks about his crops,
And has no other interests
Until the music stops.

In short, the music does not cheer,
The play all sorrow drowns—
The music is by Meyerbeer,
The tragedy is Brown's.

WASHINGTON NERVINE.

CASTE IN THE COUNTRY.



PROPRIETOR OF SUMMER HOTEL:—"I SHOULD FEEL HONORED BY THE PRESENCE OF YOURSELF AND FAMILY AT OUR HOP THIS EVENING, MR. LITTLEHOUSE."
HAUGHTY SUMMER RESIDENT:—"EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT WE 'COTTAGERS' DO NOT CARE TO ASSOCIATE WITH COMMON HOTEL BOARDERS."

THE CLAM AND THE BUTTERFLY.

Recently a huge hard clam lay on the stand just outside of a Long Branch oyster saloon. The clam had been caught about five days, and was feeling very dry and sticky. It opened its shell and gaped in vain for moisture.

At the same time a butterfly was flitting idly about a little garden, looking in vain for a nice cool spot.

"I know I can stand lots of heat," murmured the butterfly, as it lighted on a tulip and tilted gaily to and fro: "I know I can stand lots of heat; but to-day I am afraid of being sun-struck. There is not even a dewdrop left for me to sit down on. I think I shall go down there on the beach and let some of the ocean spray fall on my weary wings."

So the butterfly skipped off the tulip and left the fragrant mazes of the garden, and was on its way to the ocean, when it espied the clam gaping.

"It looks rather cool in there," mused the butterfly: "I guess I'll go in."

So the butterfly flew in, and the clam clapped its shells together on its golden prisoner.

"Rather dry," commenced the butterfly.

"Well, I should say so," responded the clam, wearily: "It is five days since I was pulled out of the ocean. I have had nothing in the way of a cooling off except a little seaweed and a piece of ice."

"Well, I am feeling pretty dry myself. And that is why I came down here. Do you intend to remain here long?"

"All summer, I guess," replied the clam.

"But perhaps some day you will feel a big oyster-knife flying into you, and then you will be eaten up."

"In spite of my misery from having no water, you make me smile. I am not to be eaten at all; I am the exhibition-clam, placed in the window to draw in the unsophisticated. I am too tough to eat; but don't say anything about it, for those little clams out there might overhear you and feel jealous. They are only little ones for a cent, you know, or sixty cents a hundred. I tell you I'd just like to be dipped in the ocean for a minute."

"Would you let me go in with you?"

"Certainly I would," said the clam: "I could hold my shells together, and you wouldn't get wet; and in our idle moments you might teach me botany, and I might, in exchange, instruct you in the mysteries of navigation and marine insurance."

"That's so," replied the butterfly: "I like the idea very much. Now, what do you say if I stand on you and work my wings like a pair of fans? Your natural moisture will work through me, and, in return, I can fan you with my wings, and make you feel as cool as a cucumber."

"What's a cucumber?" asked the clam.

"The cucumber," replied the butterfly: "is a deadly vegetable that doubles up the eater inside of an hour. It is called by Zell, page 656, 'cucumis,' and is defined as a genus of plant of the order *cucurbitaceae*. I will tell you more about it later. May I walk on you and fan you with my wings?"

"Certainly," said the clam.

So the butterfly stood on the clam, and was cooled, while its wings brought happiness to the heart of the bivalve.

After they had been living together for some days, a wicked small boy came along, stole the clam, and hurled it out in the water.

And they are living together yet. At high tide the clam closes its shells to keep the water out, and at low tide it opens its shells, and the butterfly goes forth among the flowers. The other day it returned with a firefly, which they use for a lamp when they want to spend an evening instructing each other in the mysteries of botany and marine insurance. R. K. M.

LATEST REPORTS FROM THE SHARK FISHERIES.



The Silent Pards.



A Nibble!



Gone! by Thunder!!

ODE TO LEMONADE.

O lemonade, thou subtle aid
To chronic indigestion,
To drink or not to drink thee is
An ever-open question.

When fair Religion mixes thee
For church and mission-fair,
We know thee not—a watery grave
Engulfs thy taste so fair.

When 'neath the breezy circus tent
Thou takest a pinkish hue,
'Tis acid, not the lemon aid,
That masquerades for you.

Thy price and flavor varieth much,
From three-a-glass, at Spraker's,
To twenty-five (including straws)
Near sand and ocean breakers.

And yet, O luscious lemonade,
With all thy fluctuation
In price and taste, we love thee yet,
The beverage of a nation.

GIL FORDE.

VACATION VAGARIES.

I.—RETALIATION.

When a man leaves the city during the heated term, and goes off into the rural districts to brace up his health and have a good time, he generally visits a relative who owns a farm. This is because he imagines that on a farm he may have all the fresh milk and eggs he wants, and enjoy the scenery, and lie under a large shade-tree and listen to the ceaseless buzz of myriads of insects of all creeds and denominations, and finally return to the city flabby with health, and as brown as a piece of sole-leather. But he is far from correct in his calculations.

When he reaches the farm, he doesn't get any eggs and milk; but discovers that all the eggs and milk are used for making cake. And he doesn't enjoy the scenery, either. All the scenery there is is a pile of rocks and some elderberry bushes. And he doesn't lie under the big shade-tree much, either. The farmer concludes that it is cheaper to board a relative and work him than it is to lavish red gold on an outsider and have to feed him in the bargain. So he works his city relative pretty hard, and the latter succumbs out of courtesy, and curses in his sleeve while he bends over to hoe potatoes, and almost breaks his back at every bend.

And he cannot stay out at night, either, because the farmer and his family retire to rest

just after the cattle have been fed, and if he should go down to take a swim or attend a hop, he couldn't get back before ten or eleven, and that would cause the farmer to look upon him as one guilty of heresy. And even the fresh butter is taken to the village and swapped off for things that cannot be raised on a farm, and he has to eat bacon-grease on his bread. But he does hear the buzz of the insects, especially mosquitos, and becomes tanned until he looks like a mulatto. And that is all he secures out of the list of things he expected to get.

Now, by way of retaliation, it would be a good idea for city people not to take country, or rather farmer-relatives, to the opera and theatre; but, instead, to make them help the cook, and move the furniture around, and ride the children about the streets, and beat carpets, and put in coal, and shovel snow off the sidewalk, and go with the head of the family to his office and run errands all day, and add up long columns of figures, and make out all the bills, and deliver bundles, and then go home and assist the coachman.

That would be the proper method to even matters, and not until that method is pursued will city people be emancipated from the task of entertaining a crowd of uncouth agriculturists who are at once a mortification and an annoyance.

II.—COMMERCIAL ETIQUETTE IN TANGIER.

On a rug with gold embossed,
In the market's busy street,
The vender, with both legs crossed,
Sits patiently on his feet.

He has many things in his pack:
Narghilehs and cimatars,
And curious pieces of *bric-à-brac*,
And delicate little jars.

When the native at the stand
Selects a vase of blue,
And the vender stretches forth his hand
In quest of the shekels due,

The buyer begins to scoff
At the price, and, with a bound,
He madly pulls his turban off,
And tramples it on the ground.

This tale doth our plaudits win,
As told with charming zest
By Thomas Bailey Aldrich in
"From Ponkapog to Pesth."

III.—ON THE PORCH.

The twilight was creeping softly on, and the spirit of rest was descending sweetly on field and flower. The wood-dove had sought its cosy nest in the lispings draperies of the forest, and the brook babbled its lazy monotone to the breeze-swayed sunflower.

Along the margin of the hazy wood the gorgeous tiger-lily nodded to the golden rod, and evening's delicate veil of mist was occasionally punctured with fire-flies.

The blue-eyed maiden was sitting among the roses that clambered up the porch of the farmhouse where she was summering, watching down the viney country road for her lover.

Her richly-jeweled fingers were reposing between the pages of a volume of Tennyson's poems, which her lover had presented her last Christmas.

"Heigh-ho, I am awaery!" she murmured, musically.

And still the book lay imprisoned in her snowy grasp, and she stroked the amber curls from her alabaster forehead with studied negligence, and looked dreamily out across the fields of rye and wheat that rippled like a summer sea.

It was too dark to see down the road any longer, and she sat filled with anxiety, and seemed offended at old Bob White, as he industriously advertised himself from every tree-top.

But finally her vigil was rewarded. On the silent bosom of the odorous night she heard a sharp clicking sound.

It was the gate-latch.

In another moment he was at her side, as happy and care-free as the innocent babe that laughs in its mother's eyes.

"There is but one chair here," she said, after the usual salutation of lovers, and, pointing to the large rustic rocking-chair in which she had been sitting, continued smilingly:

"You might sit at my feet."

"Certainly," he replied.

And, putting on his hammock-hat, he swiftly cleared the fence, and, sitting on the dreaming daisies in the next field, placed his back against the toe of her shoe, and filled with ineffable delight the soul of that sweet, fastidious Chicago belle.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

PUCK never will return rejected man-u-script's,
But tears them into little bits of strips, strips,
strips.

WHAT WAS FOUND IN THE ARK.

Hearing of the discovery of the remains of Noah's ark on Mount Ararat, several PUCK reporters were at once dispatched to that interesting locality to make further investigations. Our enterprise has been rewarded in a way that has exceeded our wildest dreams. The PUCK men, on reaching their destination, immediately went on board the ancient craft, and began to work in the stern of the vessel. Armed with ice-picks, they succeeded, after several hours' labor, in breaking through a portion of the glacier which had entirely blocked up that part of the hold of the ark. They came upon two or three irregularly-shaped lumps of ice, which were at once hoisted out and lowered down onto the railroad-trucks, and conveyed to the Ararat Freight Dépôt, where a large fire was kept burning to thaw out any fragments of the glacier that might be brought here. As the water began to drip from the largest piece of ice, as it was subjected to the fierce heat of the stove, to the surprise of the onlookers the head of a familiar animal suddenly developed from the glassy, glittering and streaming mass. The creature's whole body soon after appeared. Then it shook itself, and began kicking furiously, and gazed around in astonishment.

"Great Scott! look at that!" said one of the PUCK reporters, who had given the heels of the newly-thawed-out animal a wide berth.

"The handsomest mule I ever saw," remarked another. "Well, I should smile," said the mule, in excellent English, with a strong Milesian accent: "I ought to be, considering I'm the original mule that Noah took aboard with him. I've been having quite a long rest; come tell me the news, and where are all the other animals," and the original mule glared angrily around: "What are you staring at?" he continued: "Did you never hear a mule talk?"

"Can't say I ever did," said a PUCK reporter: "they've lost the use of their tongues; but they haven't forgotten how to kick."

"I can do both," said the mule: "and if you don't get me something to eat, I'll let you feel the weight of my heels."

This speech had an immediate effect on the spectators, and provender for the animal was immediately procured.

"Do you mean to say," remarked the mule, while chewing a choice morsel of hay: "that the mules you know don't talk?"

The PUCK reporters were constrained to admit that such was the fact, but expressed a wish that the mule would give them some account of the severe storm that necessitated all the animals having to be stowed aboard the ark.

"Well," said the mule, picking his teeth: "it's a very long story. It rained and rained and rained, so that I thought it would never leave off. I was then a trick-mule of the Euphrates Valley Circus. One day a sea-captain named Noah came along and bought me and a lot of other animals. He said he was going to take us to America. Well, we were all put aboard, and it still kept on raining, until one day I looked out of a port-hole, and there was nothing to be seen but water. We tossed and tossed about, and in a few weeks I found myself at the top of Mount Ararat, and the water ran off. Afterward a horse and I had to drag a car through Nod City. Captain Noah used the old ark as a stable. Then the weather began to grow cold, and the meteorological prophets said that the Ararat district was in for a change of climate. I don't remember anything more until you woke me up to-day."

"The mule in our country," said the spokesman of the PUCK reportorial delegation: "is thought a great deal of. He is so popular that no humorous article is considered complete without him. You, as the practically original mule, would be worth a great deal of money in America. You could sell yourself to Barnum for twenty-five thousand dollars."

"Well," answered the mule, cheerily: "go ahead and negotiate my sale, and I'll allow you ten per cent commission."

We see in our E. C. the New York *Star* the desecration of Dobson of which we spoke last week—the mutilated "Pompador's Fan"—ascribed to "Ellen Cox." Now the questions arise: Who is Miss Ellen Cox? Is Miss Ellen Cox responsible for this performance? If so, what is her explanation thereof? What is the paper originally guilty of printing the atrocity? And who will tell us more of this?

PUCK AT THE CHICAGO CELEBRATION.



"It's WONDERFUL HOW EVERYTHING HAS GROWN IN THIS CITY!"

Answers for the Aurious.

REJECTED ARTICLES PUCK does not spare—
This week they're swallowed by a grizzly bear.

E. M.—Too tired.

J. G. D.—Thanks.

G. H. B.—Too thin and pensive.

W. F. C.—Not sufficiently well known.

W. L. C.—No, thank you, not this time.

J. A. J.—Depart in peace and poet no more.

J. E. McC.—Thanks. The celum shall ruat.

HASELTINE.—She wants to lawn to play tennis.

E. M.—You are not there, yet; but you are thereabouts.

N. KAY.—The Assyrian Pup smiles, and the W. Goat looks amiable.

H. M. W.—Not a bad idea; but there isn't enough of it to stand alone.

A READER.—We believe you have us in a sparse place, capillarly speaking.

P. S. B.—Your initials will just cover the epitaph on your poem—Precious Suddenly Bounced.

X. Y. Z.—Age had withered, and custom had staled the infinite variety of your jokes long ere you thought of them.

B. LAPP.—Who is the author of "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By"? We don't know; but we should like to find out by means of an autopsy.

BYRNEHC.—We couldn't print a joke like that unless it was accompanied with affidavits testifying to the facts on which it was founded and its exact specific gravity.

F. M. G.—No, fair youth, it is not hot enough for us; but the scientist who keeps the furnace going in our engine-room says that the caloric is ample for your poem.

"CHIC."—Your poem is very sweet, and we are sure she is a nice girl; but the point of your inspiration is apparently a secret between you. At least you haven't communicated it to the public in your glowing verse.

J. P. L.—Very pretty, dear boy. Very neat way of making us understand that you wanted us to keep the stamps, and yet not feel under any obligation to you. It was unnecessary; but kind. What did he do, Priscilla? Why, girlie, he signed his letter only "yours respectfully." Nothing more? Not a more. But then he must have done it from inadvertence? Hush, Priscilla, that is giving the snap away. We will thank him with stately old-fashioned courtesy, and corral the stamps.

M. C. S.—Bless your dear soul, you don't think you've given us any idea for a cartoon, do you? You're belated, you are. Your intellect is wandering about somewhere in Gilray's time. Why, the ghost of Cruikshank would rise up and groan if we were to do that old picture of the rich man's table and the poor man's table. Judas Iscariot's present residence is full of such "ideas" as that. We're awfully obliged to you for trying to be of service to us, of course; but don't go away with the idea that you can sit down and dash off in five minutes work that it has taken us six years to master.

PUCK AT THE PLAY-HOUSE.

The Original "Mulligans" are back again at Harrigan and Hart's THEATRE COMIQUE, enlarged and enriched with all the modern improvements, a bay-window and stationary wash-tubs. It is the same old Mulligans, only more so, and a great, broad grin is settling down over the faces of the Mulligans' old friends. Parties intending to go to the Summer School of Philosophy at Concord will do well to switch off and go to see the Mulligans instead. They will get lots more of the Whicness of the Whom, and they will also have the supreme satisfaction of having performed a sacred duty. The best preventive of the cholera yet found is a heavy dose of the Mulligans. Mr. Lawrence Barrett is soon going to give the professional poet a show at the STAR THEATRE. It is not V. Hugo Dusenbury's [P. P.] shot this time; but Mr. George H. Boker, who has shaken it up to the Muse to the tune of "Francesca da Rimini." Francesca is having a trousseau built that will startle the theatrical world, and she does her great trapeze act in this city on August 27th.

Mr. Harry Pitt is now the *Rajah* at the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE, which is a healthy change for the *Rajah* and keeps the audiences more cheerful. Also larger.

LITERARY NOTES.

"Mexico To-day. A Country With a Great Future" is the title of a work by Mr. Thomas Unett Brocklehurst, published by Messrs. John Murray, of London, and Scribner & Welford, of New York. It is an exceedingly interesting and directly-written record of travel, and deals with the immense resources and possible prospects of Mexico. The Government and people, according to the author, are most earnest in their desire to develop their country, and to wipe out the stigma that years of Spanish misrule have imposed on them. Mr. Brocklehurst had the best facilities for studying his subject, and he has amply improved them. The work is well illustrated, and deals casually with prehistoric topics and the tombs of the Montezumas.

"Idler and Poet" is a book of poems, by Rossiter Johnson, that will be appreciated by all lovers of genuine poetry. Besides the serious poems, there are quite a number in a humorous vein, such as "A Rhyme of the Rain," and that well known poem that is published all over the country as soon as the dog-days arrive, beginning:

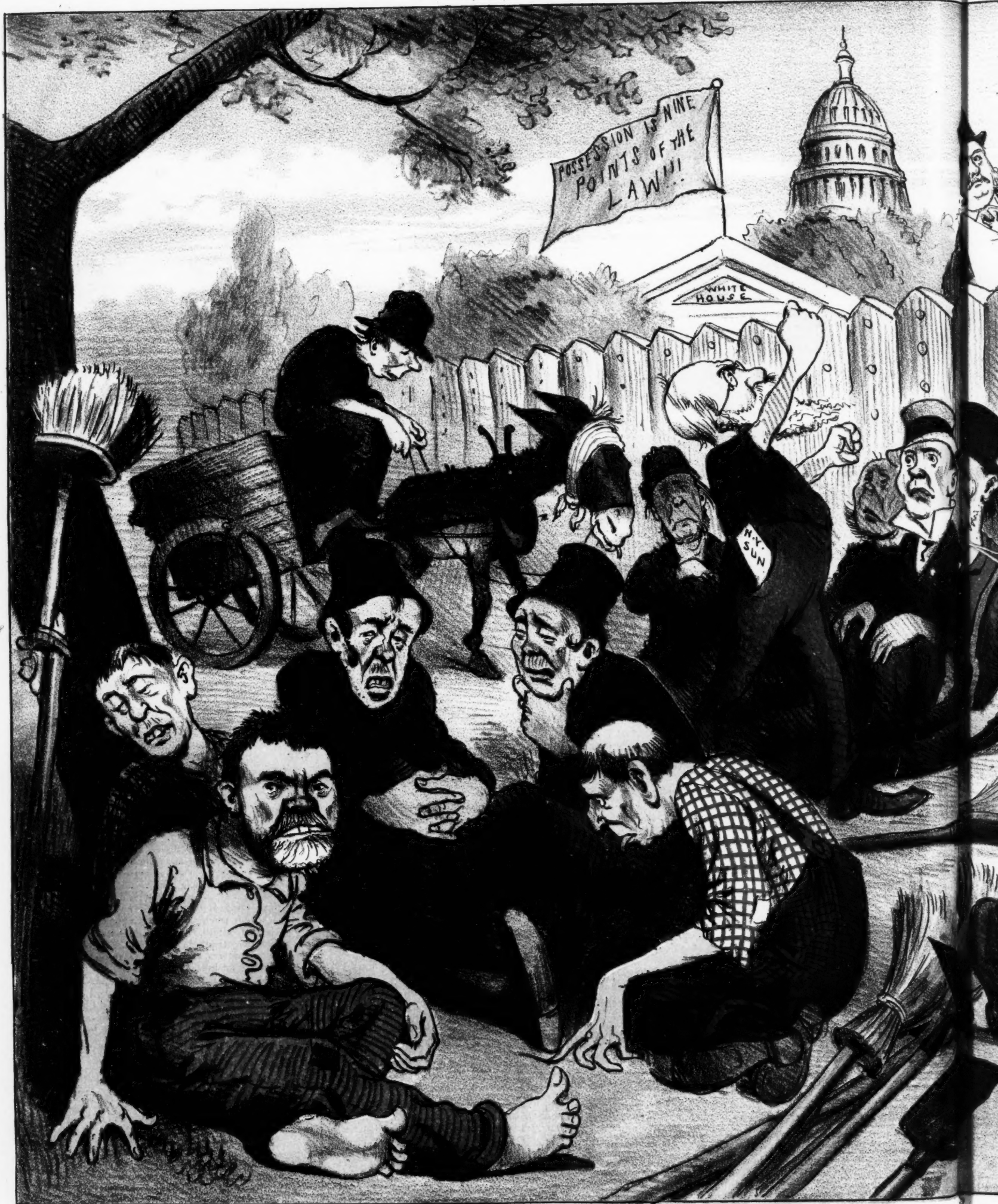
"Oh, for a lodge in a garden of cucumbers!"

There is also a dainty little baby-song, called "The Land of Noddy," which shows that Mr. Johnson is a poet when he wants to be, and that he knows what it is to walk across the oil-cloth in his bare feet in the middle of winter, when the gas-pipes are frozen, and drop paregoric into a spoon in the moonlight.

"Our Familiar Songs, and Those Who Made Them" is a book of six hundred and sixty pages by Helen Kendrick Johnson. Every song has a piano accompaniment, and the whole business costs only six dollars. Now take those three hundred songs at the regular rate of forty cents each, they would come to \$120.00, and they would not be bound, either. They would be different sizes, and occasionally the servant would take several of them for kindling purposes, or to clean the lamp-chimney, and your set would be incomplete. Other pieces would be borrowed by people with abbreviated memories; but the book would never be borrowed—because it is such a handsome book that no one would have the cheek to borrow it except a book-agent, and a book-agent would not want it, because there is no music in a book-agent's soul.

APROPOS.

When I went down to Sheephead Bay
She met me at the station,
And put her little hand in mine
In quite some agitation.
I took her home via the boat—
The dark deck's fascination!
I put my arm around her waist—
Delightful situation!
And at the door, about to leave,
In happy inspiration,
I took her face between my hands—
There was an osculation. N. KAY.



STILL AIT
After Making Elaborate Preparations, for Twenty Years, to Clean Out the Room "Au



WILLAITING.

at the Box "Augean Stables," the Poor Democrats See Themselves Effectually Fenced Out.

DIARIES OF THE DAY.

IX.

THE DAIRY-MAID'S DIARY.

AUGUST.

August 9th.—The young fellow is awful nice, all the same, and he is the only man I ever saw who can eat mush and milk without getting the milk freckled all over his clothes. I always said I would marry a man who could eat mush and milk without getting freckled. I wonder if he's real rich. I'd like to ask him. I guess I'll get him feeling kinder happy on extra cream, and then I'll pump him.

August 10th.—I did ask him, and he says he's a millionaire. The old gentleman came back to my table again to-day, and I spilled the milk on him. I guess some time he'll learn what a hint means. If he don't, it won't be my fault, so long as the milk holds out.

August 11th.—Mame Dempsey says she doesn't believe that the young fellow is any millionaire at all. She says if he was he wouldn't be just a half-an-hour at lunch. He'd take his time. She's only a mean, jealous thing, of course; but she's been trying to get a husband so long that she ought to know what men are. Maybe she's right. I gave the old gentleman a double help of mush to-day, and spoke kindly to him, and he looked awful good-natured.

August 13th.—Mame Dempsey says I'm fishing for the old gentleman. She's horrid. I never thought of such a thing. I don't believe he'd marry again, anyway, though he was awful polite and sweet to me to-day. The boss knows him. He's real rich and high-toned. Of course I can't help being civil to him. The young fellow sat at Mame Dempsey's table to-day. He looked real cross.

August 14th.—Me and the young fellow have made up. He's just as nice as he can be, and I think he's real sweet. He says he's been looking ever so long for a girl just like me, and he thinks I've got more style than any girl he's ever seen. He didn't quite pop, but it's all right. But he must have been carried away awful, for I couldn't get him to talk one word about how he was fixed for money. Maybe he was kind of agitated.

August 15th.—I've found out all about him. He's an awful fraud. He's a clerk in a gent's furnishing store, and gets six dollars a week.

[From the City Blazer.]

It is reported that one of our oldest and most influential millionaires has recently entered the bonds of holy matrimony with a young lady but recently employed in a down-town dairy, where the venerable swain was captivated with her beauty and intellect.

WANTED.—Girl to wait in Dairy.
Apply at
31tf CRUMPLEHORN DAIRY, B'way.

No, the young lady is not a student of political economy. She is just out of Vassar, but she doesn't take a bit of interest in the October indications, except those given in the fashion journals. What made you think she did? Oh, yes. Reading a book. Yes. Book on Indiana. Yes, William. But it's a novel. French novel. George Sand wrote it. Yes, now you may go out and hunt for snow around the top of the thermometer.

THE A. P. IS LEFT, THIS TIME.

CONCORD, N. H., August 10th, 1883.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

If the fodder for the canis Assyriae runs short feed him this:

TO PUCK'S ASSYRIAN PUP.

O strange, rare pup of foreign breed,
I often sit and think of you,
And picture to myself your greed
For some nice poem sweet to chew:
I seem to see the frantic speed
With which your teeth go through some story
From which the author hoped the meed
Of lasting—yea, immortal glory.

O pup, you do not know the pain
That you have caused throughout the land.
A fancy fills a maiden's brain:
She writes it down with dainty hand,
And sends it on to PUCK—in vain!
For you will feed upon that fancy,
All heedless of the sad Elaine,
All heedless of the weeping Nancy.

I wonder if you sometimes tire
Of dude poem and novelette,
And long for feed a little higher
Than any you have known as yet;
And, loathing lines like these, desire
The manuscripts of writers famous,
"All pregnant with celestial fire,"
Whose brilliant radiance doth inflame us.

Well, good-by, pup of foreign breed,
I say a long farewell to you:
I've satisfied your pressing need
For something rich and nice to chew,
And so, adieu. A. P. OET.

WE ARE TIRED.

We have so frequently heard of
The gentlemanly pugilist—
The courteous iceman—
The genial bar-tender—
The kindly clergyman—
The self-sacrificing base-ball player—
The manly dress-maker—
The cordial street-sprinkler, and
The cultivated policeman,
That we hope never to hear of them again.
Let us assume that the plumber is "honest" and
the minister "gentlemanly."

A TAILOR RECENTLY died up-town on receiving from a newly-landed Irishman an order for a pair of light-black pantaloons.

DIARIES OF THE DAY.

X.

THE OLD MAID'S DIARY.

AUGUST.

August 9th.—Now that so much of the summer is gone, I am not sure that I shall go out of the city at all. I can not bear to have a chaperone hanging about me, and I do not know that I ought to go to one of those great, big watering-places alone. It doesn't look right in a girl of my age. I spoke to Mr. McBooze about this, and he said I was all right. But that's just like a man. Men always over-estimate the self-control and consideration of their own sex. There is something very peculiar about Mr. McBooze, and I must confess, not wholly unattractive. He always seems to mean so much more than he says.

August 10th.—I gave Mr. McBooze the necktie I made him. That is, I would not be so forward and unmaidenly as to hand it to him myself; but I sent it to him with a neat little note. He wrote me back and thanked me for the lovely pincushion. That was very stupid of him; but, do you know, much as I despise his sex, there are times when I feel that masculine stupidity is not absolutely unpleasant to me. There is something so bluff and hearty about it.

August 12th.—I have made up my mind that I shall not go out of town at all. I am sure my health will be better here. Mr. McBooze is going to stay in town all summer. I know, because I asked him to-day, and he told me so. He would not stay here if it were not healthful. He is very careful about his health. So different from most men—careless and thoughtless. I must say, I admire a careful man. I told Mr. McBooze so, and he said I was too kind. He put a strange emphasis on the "too." I wonder what he meant.

August 13th.—Mr. McBooze very strongly advises me to go into the country. He says his business keeps him here; but that my health requires change. But I can not go and leave him. Why should I longer strive to hide the secret of my coy heart? I love him. He might have seen the soft avowal trembling on my lips to-day; but he happened to be looking the other way.

August 14th.—I can bear this awful strain no longer. Call me mad, unmaidenly, if you will; but I must go to him and pour out all the message of my throbbing heart.

[From the Sassiety Journal.]

Miss Angelina Sparerib, of New York, is at the Squonk House, North Squonk.

[From the Daily Whoop.]

The mysterious disappearance of Mr. Joseph McBooze continues to excite comment in financial circles. The missing man's accounts are all right, and it is supposed that he slipped away to Europe by last Saturday's Cunarder, in order to avoid annoying social complications.

THERE ARE many pleasant situations in this little life of ours, but leaving the house in the morning, and running at a break-neck pace across a field of wet grass up to your knees to catch a train, and reaching the station fifteen minutes before the train arrives is not one of them.

IT OUGHT TO SELL WELL AMONG THE RACING FLATS.



PUCK'S DESIGN FOR ANOTHER ONE OF "ROGERS'S GROUPS."

AN OLD BIRD NOT EASILY CAUGHT.



"A syndicate has been formed in London, headed by several Lords and M. P.s, its object being the payment of the Confederate bonds which they hold."

THE SOUTH:—"I'M A REPUDIATION YOUNG MAN;
JUST CATCH ME, IF YOU CAN."

HOW THEY DO IT.

The westering sun shed its still brilliant and penetrating beams in the editorial sanctum of Brother Jimblewelp, of the *Weekly Hallelujah*, as he turned his fishy eye toward his assistant, Brother Chippenhooper, and shook his head in a slow sort of way, with a soupçon of despair in it. Brother Jimblewelp's feet rested on the editorial desk.

"Business ain't good," said he: "and, what is more, my boots are wearing down at heel."

"They are," responded Brother Chippenhooper, as he examined the articles in question.

"What's to be done?" exclaimed the younger man.

"The usual thing," answered Brother Jimblewelp, as he withdrew his feet from the desk, and braced himself up in his chair, and began writing with lightning speed: "Take this," he said, as he paused to take breath: "to the New England Patent Shoe Company. It's a certificate from me, as the editor of this paper, to the effect that I have worn a pair of the New England Patent Shoe Company's shoes for the past five years, and that they never wear out. Bring me a pair back with you. Number nineteen is my size, and tell the manager that we'll print his advertisement, including my certificate, for three months for nothing."

"All right," returned Brother Chippenhooper, who had already made up his mind to secure a pair for himself: "I'll go; but, at the same time, you'll have to think about getting more advertisements, or the paper will bust."

"The Lord doesn't seem, somehow or other, to take very kindly to the religious press," soliloquized Brother Jimblewelp: "Our advertising is seven hundred dollars less than last year. It looks as if the *Weekly Hallelujah* was under a cloud. Perhaps there is too much piety in my editorials, and there is not enough humorous stuff. But money must be raised to pay the compositors, if I have to start preaching again."

Here Brother Chippenhooper entered with the boots.

"They were out of nineteens; but I have brought you a pair of twenties."

"Guess they'll have to do," Brother Jimblewelp remarked, gloomily: "I'll have to stuff returned copies of the *Weekly Hallelujah* in the toes to make 'em fit. What did they say?"

"They said you couldn't have the boots unless you promised to keep the 'ad' in six months, and insert a reading notice saying that the New England Boot and Shoe Company's goods were the only ones that could be worn by conscientious clergymen and church-goers."

"Then the other boot-maker, who always pays cash, will take his 'ad' out, if we say that; then there's the playing-card manufacturer; and Chowder & Pott, who keep the gun-store, will want a puff for their seven-shooters."

"Can't we give 'em one in some way?" inquired Brother Chippenhooper, doubtfully.

"Yes, I suppose we could, but just see what would come of it. Baird's Gloom of Booth would kick, and, as a strictly religious paper, it won't do to have anything advocating painting the face, or any meretricious abominations of that kind. Still, we've got to raise money somehow, so I guess you'd better go and get a couple of six-shooters, and tell Chowder & Pott we will keep their 'ad' in for a year, and will mention their names in a leaded editorial. Then take the shooters to Moses Bloominglevi, on the Bowery. You ought to be able to raise ten dollars at least on them, and that will carry us along until next week."

We wonder if this is the way that most religious papers are run. It looks very much as if it were so.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION—The Shrievalty of New York.

THE GREATEST hunter of relics is the woman who would capture that rare and quaint old bit of *bric-à-brac* known as Samuel J. Tilden.

ANIMAL STORIES.

A huge anaconda was seen last Wednesday gazing intently in a shop-window on Fourteenth Street.

A giraffe recently took a walk up Fifth Avenue. It being a warm day, the animal turned down Thirty-eighth Street, and, when near Sixth Avenue, noticed a second-story window open. In an instant the wary quadruped reached up and devoured some geraniums growing on the window-sill, and then poked his head through the window and across the room into a closet, and ate all the flowers off a lady's hat, and then devoured the ostrich-feather.

A bull-dog at Kenosha gets up at night and fights an imaginary dog in his sleep.

Not long ago a negro down South was flying through an orchard to escape an infuriated mob that was not far behind him. A vicious rattlesnake belonging to a clergyman happened to be lying in one of the trees, buried in deep spiritual reflection. In an instant the snake took in the situation, and, fastening his tail firmly about the tree, let himself suddenly down, and, catching the fugitive around the neck, lifted him swiftly from the ground and held him in the air until life was extinct.

There is a strange partnership existing between a toad and a mosquito-hawk out in Iowa. The mosquito-hawk has no use for flies, and the toad doesn't care anything about mosquitos. But they both catch as many of these insects as possible, and, when six o'clock is made known by the whistle of the kindling-wood factory near by, the toad and the mosquito-hawk meet in a flower-bed, and lay their game out on the petal of a lily, the toad exchanging his mosquitos for the mosquito-hawk's flies.

A cat out in Minneapolis had both her forelegs broken by a closing door a few days ago. But the cat still spends the regulation number of hours on the back fence at night, and catches mice on crutches.

A wren was recently sitting on a stone in the brook, washing. A facetious trout swam up behind the unsuspecting bird, and, by a quick movement of his tail, knocked him out in the water. The bird with great difficulty reached the shore, and stood on a red-hot stone until he was thoroughly dry. While standing in this position, filled with humiliation and despair, the trout came up, and chuckled and thought it an excellent joke. But before the trout left the wren spotted him—that is, the wren detected the letters "G. W." on the side of the trout's head.

"Probably that was done by George Washington," mused the wren: "but, whether it was or not, I shall always be able to identify that fish by the characters so rudely carved on his head."

And then the wren flew away, and didn't stop until he reached Deacon Pulsifer's window-sill, on which he alighted, and stole from a plate a huge piece of fly-paper covered with flies, and returned to the brook with it. Long and patiently did the wren watch, until finally he saw the trout with "G. W." on his head come to the surface. Not being detected, the wren stole adroitly up the brook and placed the fly-paper in the water, and returned noiselessly to a spot from which he could see the trout without being seen himself. Slowly the paper floated down with the current toward the trout, who saw it and smiled so hard that he almost broke his gills. Then he said:

"Here is thy feast, O Barmecide!"

He didn't pause to say more, but ate every fly

off that paper in a very few seconds. In another instant the trout began to make strange, sad faces, and tried hard to spit out the flies that were penetrated by the poison in the paper. Then he said:

"I feel very ill. I fear I have taken some carriage-varnish into my system. Although I usually bring seventy-five cents in a restaurant, I would gladly sell out now for less money. I would sell my whole family for a very small sum, and take postage-stamps and trade-dollars!"

"What's the matter?" asked the wren.

"I'm stabbed," said the trout: "Split me open, fry me with bacon, and put me out of my misery. Have you a stomach-pump with you?"

"Not much," said the wren: "It was I that fly-papered you, because you ducked me this morning. You thought it was funny, didn't you? Of course you did; and I think this is funny. But if you will just come out here I'll put a mustard-plaster on you."

Then, as the wren flew gaily away, the trout splashed around in agony, and disappeared beneath the surface, exclaiming:

"The Republican party must go!"

"HAWKEYE" DOTS.

It is said that summer board in Madison County, New York, is three dollars and a half a week. We do not know any place in the land where a man can starve more cheaply than that.

An Italian baby was born last week near Amsterdam, New York, with a whole set of teeth. This is a sign that Mr. Tilden is not now, never was, and never will be—

Cheap Italian labor has run the price of "shines" down to three cents. A three-cent shine, however, is merely a rub across the toes, leaving the heels as red as sunset, like a school-boy's boots on exhibition day.

An ambitious Burlington woman ordered a new poke-bonnet.

"Make the bonnet as big as the price."

In about a week a hay-wagon, having scared all the street-cars off the track on its way, halted and drew up in front of her house with a thing on it so much bigger than the block that the woman couldn't keep it in town without paying storage to the city.

A man in Massachusetts was sent to a reform school for breaking windows and stealing apples when he was nine years old; then he stole a dog and went to prison when he was eleven; he got out in time to set fire to a house and get a two years' sentence before he was sixteen, and picked a pocket and got run in on his nineteenth birthday. Before he was old enough to vote he received a year's sentence, and since then he has served three terms in as many prisons. It is time he quit this restless, wandering life, and found some good, quiet prison that suited him, where he could settle down and stay.

Your Uncle Tilden, my son, now stands in the attitude of a disguised race-horse at the county fair; his mane raggedly trimmed, his tail stuck full with deceitful burrs, his shapely flanks concealed by a ragged blanket, hitched into a farm buggy with an old harness of rope and leather; and his driver declaring that he has "just come in from the farm to look at the races," and that "this hoss" can't run, and won't run, and never did run; but, by gum, he's a good mind to let him go around once, just to see what there is in 'im, if some gentleman with a good "hoss" "will just go round beside him to kinder put him on his mettle." Never take too big odds against the strange horse, my son, and don't be too sure that your Uncle Tilden isn't just wild to get on the track and run, merely because his jockeys say that he isn't.—*R. J. Burdette.*

We learn from an unquestioned authority that the Soja bean, according to analysis, surpasses other legumes in proteins. Much of the superstition regarding this matter is passing away.

When you find that one of your cows refuses to "give down," kick her in the stomach.

There are two rules to follow in skimming milk. If the cream is to be sold, skim deep; if the milk is to be sold, skim deep. Never fail to skim deep.

A market gardener should be careful about allowing a widow to enter the premises because of her "weeds."

An experienced farmer says that the sooner a cow is killed for beef the less milk she is apt to give.

If a railroad train runs over and kills one of your cows, bring suit at once, and swear that the animal was one of the choicest breed and worth more money than any cow in the seven counties. But this advice is unnecessary.

Proper economy on a farm will result in success. Sell what you can; what you can't sell feed to the hogs, and what the hogs won't eat give to your summer boarders.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

THE FRIENDS OF HUMANITY.



HERR MARXBERG (to Delmonico's Dude Waiter):—"Gif us un odder bottle, ain't it, for me und Herr Schwabreich? Dis talkin' offer der wrongs uf der poor vorkingman vas awful dry, don't it?"

THE ADORABLE MISS BROWN.

There never was a prettier girl in all this little town

Than Juliana Georgiana Seraphina Brown; She lifted up her tiny foot and put it lightly down,

And that's the way she went about through all this little town.

This Juliana Georgiana Seraphina Brown, She winked a wink with both her eyes whenever I would frown;

And in the joy of such a glance my very heart would drown;

And that's the way she ruled the boys through all this little town.

For, Juliana Georgiana Seraphina Brown, You're sweet as any peaches in your brand-new Sunday gown;

You're just the girl to help a chap to win himself renown;

So don't you go and miss it and take some country clown!

O Juliana Georgiana Seraphina Brown, If I were but a jolly king I'd make you share my crown!

But since you're such an active verb, and I'm a common noun,

I'll ake the sentence as it stands and parse this little town!

—*Rev. Samuel W. Duffield, in Exchange.*

WETOLJESO.

PUCK ON WHEELS, No. IV., is really A No. 1. It's like the American eagle—a screamer.—*N. Y. Daily News.*

PUCK ON WHEELS, for the summer of 1883, is a late admirable publication of Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzmann. It is brimful of humorous sketches, paragraphs and poems, and the illustrations with which it abounds are exquisite.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

That bright and merry little fellow, PUCK, waits until the last of July to have his "Fourth"—we mean the fourth issue of that very funny batch of humor and nonsense known as PUCK ON WHEELS. The current number of this publication is as bright as possible, and fairly bubbles over with good things.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

PUCK ON WHEELS for 1883, New York, just issued, is better than any of the preceding numbers. It is filled with numerous exceedingly funny things, and is better than a dose of quinine to tone up the system. "There's sights o' purty pecters and lots o' good readin'," as Mrs. Parvenu said when she handed around to her visitors on a waiter some new books she had been buying.—*The Merchant Traveler.*

PUCK is "on wheels" for the fourth time in his career, and shows marked improvement in the quality of his humor, to say nothing of the delightful change in his cover, which comes out adorned with a picture of PUCK in a steam-yacht, which seems to be drawn by two dolphins or codfish, but is really drawn by F. Graetz, as his signature in the corner attests. It is a capital number.—*Detroit Free Press.*

PUCK ON WHEELS, full of illustrations and the best of humorous reading matter, now appears on every newsstand, and is well worth the quarter asked for it. It contains poems and sketches by the best of our local comic writers, and illustrations by the excellent artists whose work is familiar to the enormous PUCK clientele. The little volume is handsomely bound, and its cover is original in design and coloring.—*N. Y. Sunday Courier.*

PUCK ON WHEELS, No. IV., is now for sale everywhere at twenty-five cents a copy. It appears in a new cover, has a broader page, and is presented in a faultless typographical garb. Its one hundred and four pages contain over fifty original articles by PUCK's editors and contributors, and it has pictures on every page by Messrs. Keppler, Gillam, Zimmerman, Oppen and Graetz. It is the "boss" book of humor of the year.—*Norristown Herald.*

PUCK ON WHEELS, No. IV., for the summer of 1883, is fully up to its predecessors, and a little more so. These illuminated and luminous serials are as rare as the clothing of the tricky sprite whose name they bear. The present volume has pictures by all of the well-known artists who have made PUCK more common in American households than even that dear old (oh! so old!) familiar legend, "God bless our home," and the list of writers includes some of the brightest pen fabricators of America.—*Boston Transcript.*

With the backbone of summer near the breaking place, comes PUCK ON WHEELS. No summer without P. on W. would be complete. It is the literary mint julep of the season, the temperance man's reviver, the maiden's delight. Its presence upon the Mexican hammock or the gnarled garden-chair is a sufficient incentive to a rush. The only thing superior to P. on W. as a sea-side soother, and the wearied literary man's restorer, is a little love-making by the silent sea. P. on W. is as usual this year huge. It embraces—its specialty, by the way, is embracing—all sorts of topics, animate and inanimate, from a blown up Czarowithikoffski to a blushing belle. All the old favorites and many new jesters appear, while the three graces—Bunner, Valentine and Munkittrick—smile supreme. The work is dedicated to Lord Fitznoodle, and is the best twenty-five-cent work in the market.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

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WET WEATHER TALK.

It ain't no use to grumble and complain;
It 's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice:
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
W'y, rain 's my choice.

Men gener'ly, to all intents—

Although they 're ap' to grumble some—
Puts most their trust in Providence,
And takes things as they come—
That is, the commonality
Of men that 's lived as long as me
Has watched the world enough to learn
They 're not the boss of this concern.

With some, of course, it 's different—

I 've seed young men that knowed it all,
And did n't like the way things went
On this terrestrial ball.

But, all the same, the rain some way
Rained jest as hard on picnic-day;
Or when they really wanted it
It maybe wouldn't rain a bit!

In this existence, dry and wet

Will overtake the best of men—

Some little skift 'o clouds 'll shet .

The sun off now and then.

But maybe, as you 're wonderin' who
You 've fool-like lent your umbrell' to,
And want it—out 'll pop the sun,
And you 'll be glad you aint' got none.

It aggravates the farmers, too—

There 's too much wet, or too much sun,

Or work, or waitin' round to do

Before the plowin' 's done.

And maybe, like as not, the wheat,
Jest as it 's lookin' hard to beat,
Will ketch the storm—and jest about
The time the corn 's a-jintin' out!

These here cy-clones a-foolin' round—

And back'ard crops—and wind and rain—

And yit the corn that 's wallered down

May elbow up again!

They ain't no sense, as I can see,
For mortals, sich as you and me,
A-faultin' Nature's wise intents
And lockin' horns with Providence!

It ain't no use to grumble and complain;

It 's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice:

When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
W'y, rain 's my choice.

—J. W. Riley, in *Indianapolis Journal*.

FEMININE IMPOSSIBILITIES.—To attend church without gossiping about the clothes of other worshipers on the way home.—To get along without the latest love of a bonnet.—To meet her feminine enemy without kissing her.—To get along with a "fixed-over" dress when her next-door neighbor flaunts out in a new silk.—To refuse that horrible dude, Mr. Smithe, when he asks her to dance.—To have a tooth extracted without going about town to have her friends condole with her.—To think her husband enjoys her neat appearance as well as her friends.—To understand why home isn't as pleasant as elsewhere.—To know why her children don't trouble her neighbors as much as theirs bother her.—*Waterloo Observer*.

A NEWSPAPER WAIF.—As things are at present, an income which would scarcely be called "respectable" in New York will go a great ways in Washington.—*Evening Post*.

* * "It is easier to convince a man against his senses than against his will." When a sick man has given Kidney-Wort a thorough trial, both will and senses join in unqualified approval of its curative qualities in all diseases of the liver, kidneys, and bowels.

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"LOOK OUT FOR THE ENGINE."

I am a locomotive engineer, and have been for twenty years, and am now running on the Maine Central Railroad. Life on an engine, as all engineers know, is very trying to health and strength. The continual jar of the engine, and strain on our long trips all tend to weaken the kidneys and urinary organs. In addition to this, ten years ago, I met with a severe accident, and I was taken from under my engine with severe internal injuries, which gave me great pain. I was laid up for six months, and suffered more than I wish to suffer again. I resumed work, but my kidneys began to disturb me, and my nervous system seemed to be out of order. I could not sleep, as my water demanded such constant attention that I was kept awake a great part of the night; to urinate caused severe pains. I employed the best medical skill in Portland and elsewhere, but continued to grow worse.

I was persuaded to try Hunt's Remedy, as I found that many of my friends in Portland had used it with great success, yet I had no faith that it would reach my case. However, I sent for a half-dozen bottles at one of the drug stores, in Portland, and from the use of the first bottle found a great relief. My water was much better and the pain in the back and limbs greatly relieved. I continued its use until I had used ten bottles in all, and it has been to me a wonderful blessing, and I have deemed it a duty and privilege to recommend it to those troubled in a similar manner; and you may publish this for the benefit of our railroad men and the public in general, as it has completely cured me.

GEO. W. BRADLEY,

Engineer Maine Central R. R.

Portland, Me., May 12, 1883.



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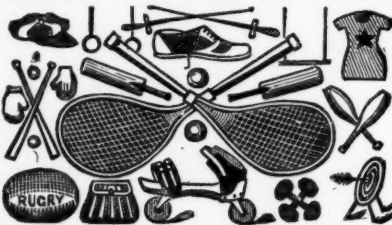
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THE GIRL ALSO LIVES HERE.

There 's a girl across the way who sings "Lo-re-na."
From that altogether ancient lay I cannot wean her.

I cannot say the songs I 've sent her;
I cannot say the books I 've lent her—
But when my hammock 's slung
The viney trees among;
When along the twilight summer road,
Deliberating, hops the dusty toad;
When in dusky tree-top Katy sings,
And humming beetles drift on heavy wings;
When cigars have only fiery end and smell—
[So far as any other man can tell]—
When thoughts go back to all the past that 's tender,

Then her way to the piano she will wend her,
And that quite too dev'lish song she will render,
"A hundred months have gone, Lo-re-nah."
Will anybody tell me what will wean her?

—"R," in *Cin. Commercial Gazette*.

HOW TO DETECT CLASSICAL MUSIC.—I can give a simple rule by which the most ignorant may know whether any given piece of music should or should not be admired. If you know at once what it is all about; if it seems to be saying "one, two, three, hop, hop, hop," or "one, two, three, bang, bang, bang," you may conclude at once that you are listening to something of a very low order, which it is your duty to despise. But when you hear something that sounds as if an assorted lot of notes had been put into a barrel and were being persistently stirred up, like a kind of harmonious gruel, you may know it's a fugue, and assume an expression of profound interest. If the notes appear to have been dropped by accident, and are being fished up at irregular intervals in a sort of placid or drowned condition, it is likely to be a nocturne; and nocturnes, you know, are quite too utterly lovely for anything. If the notes seem to come in car-loads, each load of a different kind from the last, and if the train seems to be an unreasonably long time in passing a given point, it will turn out, most likely, to be a symphony, and symphonies are just the grandest things that ever were. If the notes appear to be dumped out in masses, and shoveled vigorously into heaps, and then blown wildly into the air by explosions of dynamite, that is rhapsody; and rhapsodies are among the latest things in music.—*Musical Herald*.

Now the maiden makes her lover
Wash her dog with soap of tar,
And it 's then she will discover
What his young affections are.

—PUCK.

And 'tis then he will discover,
As he rises from his knees,
That his uses as a lover
Simply are to bulldoze fleas.

—*Texas Siftings*.

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SATURDAY is the odd job, finishing-up day of
the week. Nobody begins any great work on
Saturday.

"What! are you going to be married on Sat-
urday?" inquired Cicely of her lady friend.

"Why, to be sure. It is my birthday, you
know."

"But don't you know that your husband will
not live the year out if you marry him on Sat-
urday?"

"H-s-h. He has never heard of it. I should
be such an interesting widow, you know."—
Hartford Post.

MOTHER in the kitchen,
Boy laying low,
Boy mighty anxious
To go to the show.
Day before show
Washboiler hissing,
Day after show
Washboiler missing.
—*Evansville Argus.*

TEACHER—"What do you learn by the trans-
lation of the prophet Elisha?"

Dull Boy—"That he saved his funeral ex-
penses."

Teacher (*severely*)—"James!"

Dull Boy—"That's wot my pa says; he's an
undertaker, he is, and I guess he knows. Pa
'lows he wouldn't like to have folks go off that
way nowadays."—*Boston Transcript.*

At the sea-side:

"Why, dear, we must have a nurse; the baby
is teething, and will cry all night."

"Well, let him yell. Those stuck-up neigh-
bors of ours, the Joneses, are in the next board-
ing-house. If they hear him, they will recog-
nize his voice, and know that we are at the
shore, too."—*Philadelphia News.*

A FLORIDA hen has hatched a brood of chick-
ens in a nest on a limb of a tree twenty-four
feet from the ground. But, now she's got 'em
hatched, the question, "How is she to get them
down?" is putting her in a frame of mind like
unto that of the New Hampshire Republicans,
who, having smashed their machine, can't seem
to run their mill.—*Boston Post.*

In a telegraph office:

"What is the charge to Blankville?"

"Ten words for twenty-eight cents."

"Why, it used to be twenty-five cents."

"Yes; but that was before the strike. The
additional three cents is for the postage-stamp."
—*Philadelphia News.*

THE Nashville assembly report all lovely at
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—*Courier Journal.*

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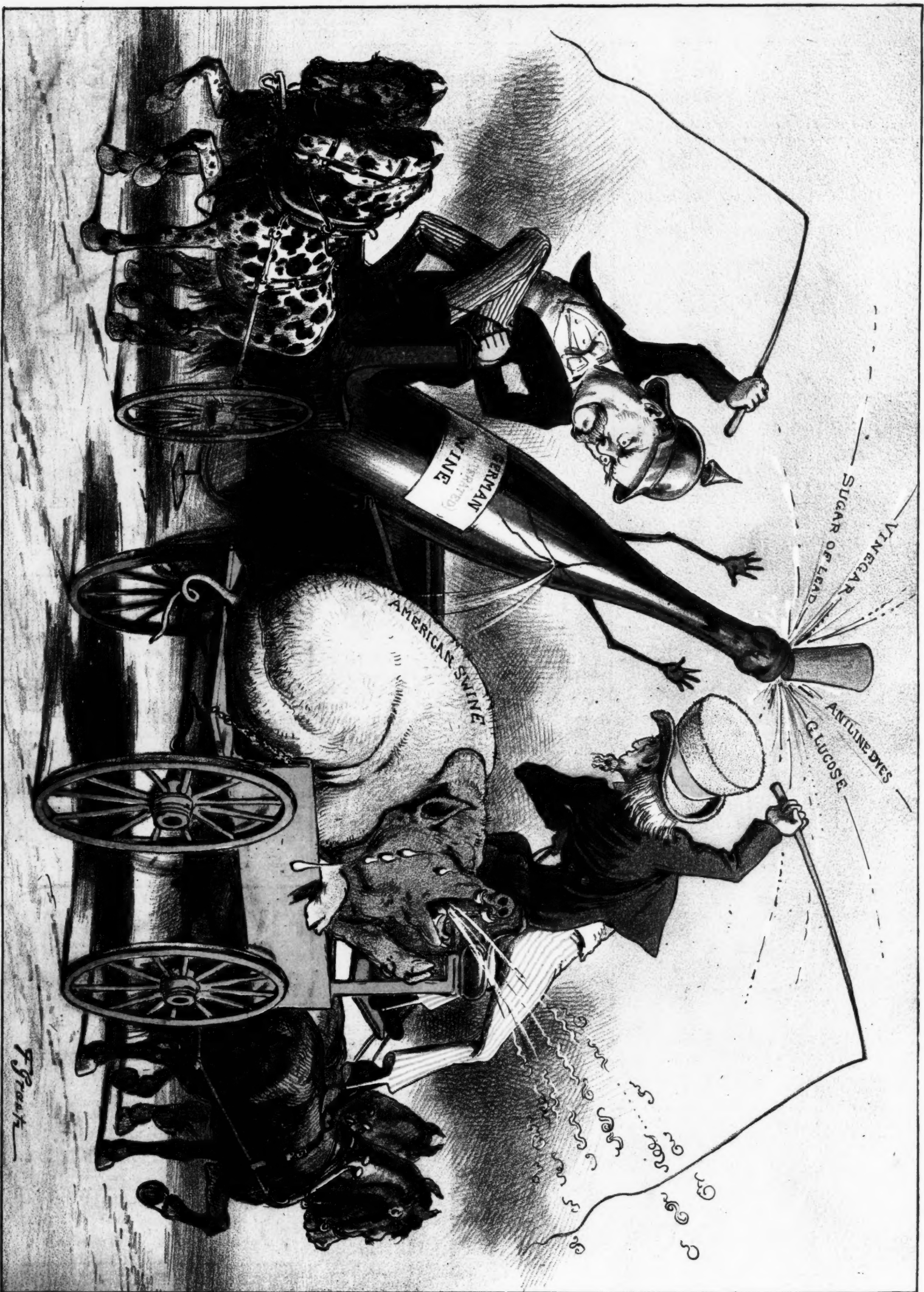
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